

Mooreditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnflattering smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascallest sweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to bee bought: an olde Lorde of the counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely and in the street to.

*Prince.* Thou didst wel, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hal*, God forgine thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal*, I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee damnd for neuer a kings sonne in Christendom.

*Prin.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow Iacke?

*Fals.* Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, an I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

*Prin.* I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purse-taking.

*Fal.* Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation *Hal*, 'tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter Poynes.*

Poynes, nowe shall we knowe if Gads hill haue set a match. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him: this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cryed stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poynes.* Good morrow sweete *Hal*. What saies Monsieur remorse? what saies sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? howe agrees the deuill and thee about thy soule that thou souldest him on good Friday last, for a cup of Medera and a cold capons legge?

*Prince.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the deuill shall haue his bargain, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

*Poynes.*

*Poynes.* Then atthou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had bin damnd for coofening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to Canturburie with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues, Gads hill lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoken supper to morrow night in Eastcheape: we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will goe, I will stuffe your purses full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

*Fals.* Heare ye Yedward, if I carrie at home and goe not, ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chop.

*Fals.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

*Prin.* Who, I rob? I a thiefe? not I by my faith.

*Fals.* Ther's neither honestie, manhood, nor good fellow ship in thee, nor thou canst not of the bloud royall, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then, once in my dayes ile be a madcap.

*Fals.* Why that's well said.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, ile carrie at home.

*Fals.* By the lord, ile be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*Prin.* I care not.

*Poy.* Sir Iohn, I prethe leaue the prince and me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shal go.

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, and him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest may moue, and what he heares, may be beleued, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) proue a false thiefe, for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shal find me in Eastcheape.

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhallow ne summer.

*Poin.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a least to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falstaffe, Haruey, Rossill, and Gads hill, shal rob those men that we haue already way-laid, your selfe and I will not bee there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

B

*Prin.*